

# METROPOLIS



WARDOUR

Dinner-Presentation of  
MARDI-GRAS BANTUON by  
MONDAY, MARCH 21<sup>st</sup>  
- Special Season



# FRITZ LANG

(the Producer of "Metropolis")

## WHAT I HAVE TO SAY

"METROPOLIS" for more than a whole year I have been unable to get away from the town of Potschendorf—burdened and tormented many times from the bottom of my heart. It was often an unpleasant winter in a picture-hall because we had to work on, but it was also a work of pleasure, and now that I have completed this great production I seek fresh opportunity, and I should like to leave the town with a song of joy, for a new experience and fresh ideas for some other pleasant and inspiring drama.

What can I tell you of "METROPOLIS" other than to express my grateful thanks to those who helped me so loyally in the building of it. I once knew a young violinist who became a great artist. He was unable to sing or whistle the simplest tune, and could only express his musical thoughts through the medium of his instrument. And so it was with me. Everything I have to tell I cannot express in words, but in depicting in black and white on the celluloid of the film, or I cannot succeed in finding expression on the picture, I certainly cannot find in speech. It may be that the to-morrow will show what I mean. I have not yet got sufficiently far away from my work on "METROPOLIS" and am as yet too much absorbed to be able to say anything about it just now, but I hope that the record of the film will live and bear fruit. It is certainly something to have created "METROPOLIS". It was for me and for all who worked with me, a goal to be created. Having reached that goal, we feel that it is only a sign post on the road which leads to further adventure, for the wonder-world of the film is boundless, and it is a glorious task to explore this boundless wonderland.



Fritz Lang and Assistants Shows at Work!



Many of the  
Magnificent Scenes in  
Metropolis

Opposite Page



The First Attempt at Love Making



The Producer Shows How it  
Should be Done

A man is standing before us, his mouth, whisper and gestures an imaginary person.

Brigitte Helm and I instantly follow all his movements. The surrounding world disappears far as, and we live only for Irina Long who is showing with expressive gestures how we are to play our parts.

"You understand?" he asks.

"Yes!"

# How a Love

By GUSTAV

(Who plays the part of Eric, the son

Looked just like you and will say after you have seen the performance of "HEIMAT" who would be happier than to hold the beautiful Mary in his arms and sing, like her? The scene in the picture shows when Eric, the son, arrives home in his long coat of Mary, was certainly not only love and skirted. No, nothing of the kind on the scene had to be done very thoroughly. It was all done over and over, neither for me nor for any patient. Longer. Later

Our love scene took two days to make perfect.

"He is a better fellow," you will say. "But if you had just this scene, you would think quite differently."

Imagine having to get up at 6 a.m., dress hurriedly in half an hour, all by myself to the distant studio, a quick change of dress again and I stand as a workman in the mighty, enormous, surrounded by hundreds of lamps



The Finished Love Scene

# Scene is Taken

PROHLICH

of the Millionaire Ruler of "Metropolis")

I fall on my knees and with when I think is deep regret and vestige I am looking at the girl.

"Stop; that's no good—anti-climax."

"Regret is more exciting", and again I am on my knees. Gently, she kisses me now, but all my earnest efforts are in vain. It takes hours and hours of effort and tremendous repetition. We are already in a spin of tracer, so that we both finally believe that we are really in love with each other.

Light is now switched on and really the scene is 'shot'—but no good.

Again and again because the emotion was not heartfelt enough to be sufficiently convincing.



Examining the Details of Drags Before the Camera Starts.



Atmospheric Lights—Camera Shooting "the Love Scene."



A Little Rehearsal.

Then the camera goes into action—down on the last again—that scene being the same—wrong—and so it goes on. From afternoon to night.

By a miracle I discovered a test from a different angle. I went to the Louvre and saw a gladiator, in a quiet, the scene. Just think of that, two days had gone in how our film scene was done.

# THE FLYING CAMERA.



Fred Lang Experimenting with the Flying Camera.

here and 'that' of the impression was obtained. The idea is to endeavor to make the spectator feel that he is actually there and is taken part in the scene. He is moving about amongst the others, and at the same time the eyes are gazing from one part to another, and not simply staring by looking on in a spectator mood. If the cameras were placed on the head so that it moved from place to place with 'him' gazing where he wanted his head and turned it as fast as that of the eye itself, then such an effect might be obtained but it carry the camera in such a manner was not of the question. So the impression was gained by the swiftness and range of the flying camera.

It was during the flood weeks in "METROPOLIS"—thousands of children competing with themselves thought and will have to choose over themselves Eric Masterman and Harry are unquestionably the rivals there. The only means of escape is through a small iron door and an iron staircase which leads to the upper world.

In wild confusion they are moving through the one narrow road, which the flood water rises higher and higher.

This is the first situation which is shown to the public, and to express the fact of the children optimally was a tremendous task. The two cameras men, Carl Farnell and Berlin, eventually solved this problem by placing the camera on a swing, and swinging it back and forth and towards towards the nose door. The fluctuating lights of the evening increased this effect on the mind of the spectators the flicker of fact. It conveys to one the impression that the world will collapse in the next instant. This is



The Flying Camera at Work.



## THE CHILDREN OF "METROPOLIS."

By *THEA VAN HAMON*

Very many remarkable things happened during the making of "METROPOLIS," but the most unforgettable was the forlorn crowds of poorly clad children in this gigantic and impurest subterranean city of the labourers. They came from the poorest quarters of Berlin to Berlin, being accompanied by their sisters and relatives to take part in the picture scenes of work for weeks and weeks on end, and often especially when we were able to employ them. My heart went out to them for on those days when there was nothing or very little to do, Robbing was a pastime to them, because they found the taking of a picture quite a treat, and the very thing they had dreamed about. The warm clean rooms in which they changed their clothes, the games in the beautiful sun and all sorts of toys for their pleasure. Most important of all there was always plenty to eat for them—all the hungry little mouths have tastes; a day there was a hot meal for them with hot cocoa and cake at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. It was no wonder therefore, that in the evening there was always more children than in the morning, for a batch of these

who were not engaged, simply crept over the fence and mingled themselves in between the others in order to get something good to eat. To be quite honest I was against the taking of the children's names. The food catastrophe alone, in the eye of the labourers, was accompanied by enormous technical difficulties. With hundreds of little children who had no idea on what it meant to take a picture—and some unforeseen circumstances with one of them would have been sufficient to distract the whole parish week or weeks and weeks but we were very pleasantly disappointed. No film ever had more enthusiastic and willing collaboration than these little children. They were always willing to dash into the rather chilly water. They risked the sunburn. They performed their and desperation-like perfect actions. Only now and again some of them had to be reminded of they should do for forgotten to look round beneath at the camera.

Thanks are due to the dear little ones for their splendid help in making "METROPOLIS," and I thank them from the bottom of my heart for what they have done.



Some of the scenes taken during the



Flood Catastrophe in "Mississippi"



Felix Lang says, "Let us Build a Tower which shall Reach unto the Stars."



And as the day went down for the 11th time, the Builders completed their work, and the new Tower of Babel stretched up to the Stars.

# HOW IT WAS DONE

By CARL FREUND

(the Contractions of "METROPOLIS")

Well, we simply tanned and tanned the bundle of the scenes, and the time passed very quickly. The two years of work on "METROPOLIS" were very interesting. We worked in the studio in the burning heat and the icy cold weather. For weeks and weeks we lay in the water during the time of the taping of the flood scenes. For many days we did not clean our teeth, as many of the scenes had to be taken at night, but on it is all in a day's work, we took it as a matter of course.



The Destruction of the Machines

comes to be a task is not always an effort. On the contrary, a good task may not be realized by the public in such. For instance the scenes showing the destruction of all the big machinery in "METROPOLIS" were actually an effort, and we also had to make a real fire under the "antennae" which, may not be more than the hundreds of scenes which were taken of scenes with one great big false at all, that as may be expected in "METROPOLIS," the size of the scenes, are three times all the technical possibilities

And as I suppose will tell me Mr. Freud how did you do that?—and a there anyone who does not like the way we work such scenes?—then I explain the technical difficulties that from Long the producer and my fellow cameraman, Ritter had to keep How was it done? Before explaining some of the technical scenes work in "METROPOLIS" I want to emphasize that when



The End of the Red "Antennae"

# "METROPOLIS" MAGAZINE

Depicting Scenes, Story and Incidents in the Making of the  
World's Greatest Modern Spectacular Film Masterpiece. . .



A Scene in "The Wonder City of the Future."



Circle—THE TELEVISION PHONE.

Middle—Watching on the Phonograph of the Person to whom one is speaking.

Bottom—Behind the Scenes of the Television Phone, showing how it was done.

which have only been hinted at. For example the television-phone. It was not an easy to get at once the effect of the Master of "METROPOLIS" (Grauman's) being able to see and hold an exciting conversation with his doorway in the distance room. So first of all we took a picture of the doorway, then we prepared this picture through an ordinary projector on to a screen of ground glass in the distance. The effect was amazing; the problem of television effect was solved in the most remarkable way. Of course, we didn't recommend this method to our readers for their own purposes, as some technical difficulties might occur in such a procedure. Another difficult problem was the television telephone at a drive through the city of the future. We had the made of a motor car in the studio, and behind





The Interesting Art of Make Up.



The Completed Work.

we painted a view of a city-scape, interior scenes, etc., which in covering you cannot tell given us the effect we desired.

The building of the Tower of Babel also gave us all many a headache. Actually we technical folks were intended to be employed here, but we required 1,000 unskilled men. They in turn wanted a baptism bath for the common people, but at last we got 1,000 men placed here who were prepared to have their heads shaved. A few dozen barbers were called into service and immediately set to work on the 1,000 heads. This was all very fine and laudable, but we only had 1,000 and we wanted 4,000. But the difficulty was solved. We photographed the 1,000 men on film, and by putting them six yards together, we got our 4,000 men. Another difficult object was to get the right camera angles. For the flood scenes we had to build a raft on which everyone concerned with spotlight cameras, etc., were placed.

But for me, especially being occupied round about was not very easy to "shoo". From time almost impossible pictures in which the camera was placed. And when all difficulties were surmounted, and that was "here it was done".



The Flying Camera Platform from which the Flood Scenes were taken.



Preparations for the Building of the Tower of Babel in which 6000 Bald-headed Men were employed.

# FIGURES THAT SPEAK

Compiled by the Assistant Producer—Rudi George.

The making of "METROPOLIS" occupied 300 men, three days and nine working nights—from the 22nd of May 1925 until the 3rd of October 1926. The following materials were used during the production—



*Reel*  
Negative Film—1 000 000



Positive Film—1 000 000

Wages for Laborers... 120 000



ARTISTES—

Leading Parts... 2  
Smaller Parts... 720



Cost of Costumes 250 000



Crowd, Male 10 000  
Crowd, Female 10 000



Shoes 2 000 pairs



Babibands... 1 000



Lungs... 90



Children... 100



Motor-Cars of Special Construction 10



Negroes... 100



Light

Paint... 250 000  
Wood 250 000  
Plaster 250 000



Chinese... 10



Paint



Wood



Plaster

Mold

# What the Actors have to Say!

BRIGITTE HELM

## HOW I WAS DISCOVERED



Brigitte Helm as the Venus "Robot" in the Wonderful Cabinet Scene in "Metropolis."

It seemed to me as if I were discovering. I was always very much attracted to the stage, and even as a child, I often used to play the leading part in our school performances. At that time I was only twelve years old, but people found that I had great talent, and advised me to go on the stage. I was always thinking of home, art and the many other things that girls of that age do think of. Accordingly, I looked forward to the moment when I should stand in the footlight, but this moment never came, and time was passing. My mother saw my despair and decided to help me by writing a letter to Max Läng. To my great delight, I received an invitation to go and see him in Hohenberg. You cannot imagine how excited I was. I stood in the large studio, under the light, and many strange folk, including Max's self, everything was so new, so unusual, so fantastic to me. Someone gave me a kiss to seal, and while doing this the lights were switched on and the cameraman turned the handle. The great moment had come. I was being discovered! Then an actor approached me unceasingly, and in a bad translation soon resulted me. Afterwards I heard that this incident was necessary, as Mr. Läng wanted to test my expression. The test turned out unsatisfactory, and I was soon under contract to play the double role in "METROPOLIS."

## ALFRED ABEL

### The Master of "Metropolis"

#### MY EXPERIENCES IN TURKEY

Teachers! Beautiful women in pretty bonnets! Gentlemen in evening dress.

Night comes! A gentle chill passes through the bodies and the painted faces of the ladies with their white feather fans and



light glowing shrubs serving as a protection against the bitter cold. The Hamam, very cold indeed!

Ready! Light! Camera!

"More girls! More like ladies and gentlemen!"

Mr. Lang a voice sounds through the night

How we all are in Turkey—the biggest pleasure parties ever convened. Well when you are cheering with the cold how can you be gay? Two of the beautiful ladies approach the all-powerful professor saying: "It is so cold, please give us something to warm us!"

"All right! Charlie, bring a bottle of cognac!" One bottle of cognac for a freezing

crowd of a hundred? A dash through the harem—Charlie, not one bottle, one bottle, but no qualm!"

There was a cheer. There was gaiety and real amusement, and no more need for vocal accompaniment.

## THEODOR LOOS

### The Secretary of the Master of "Metropolis"

#### I GET MY FEET WET

I had some of the pleasantest holidays in my whole life in the studio plant of Neudek Holdings, where a large tank was built for the final scenes in "METROPOLIS." The water was especially kept at a very low tempera- ture for no safety, so that that we should not become too indolent!

We had to dash into this water from morning to night with about 500 children. Sometimes we got some gray diamonds called carbuncles on my flesh. Mr. Lang and I had to walk with cameras etc., were washed in a boat, and moved amongst us, trying on to soak out the largest and most powerful jets of water, but in spite of all the precautions we were not fit. I would not have missed those thrilling days for anything in the world. Even when I got my feet wet, I felt that it was worth it.





The Shadow of the Sun of the Work.



The Mystery Between Sun and Moon.

# THEA VON HARBOU

Authoress of the Novel and Scenario of "Metropolis."



Thea von Harbou is descended from a very old family, many of whom have been prominent members of society. In her earliest youth she was attracted to art and literature, and many short stories, novels and plays came from her youthful pen. When the film came to the fore, she was drawn by literary instinct to the field of magic power, and she had a very sure insight into what was needed for the films, for her very first scenarios attracted expert attention, and that attraction still remains. There is no scenario of hers that has not been filmed, and most of them are from her own novels. Her imagination and knowledge of what is required for the making of good pictures is remarkable.

One has only to look back on some of the work she has already accomplished to recognize some of her wonderful powers of creative imagination. "THE INDIAN TOMB," a novel

from which she constructed a scenario, at once dramatic and impressive. Everyone will remember the famous picture "DOKTOR". This scenario was also her work, and the first German masterpiece to be produced by her husband, Fritz Lang, when she assisted during the time that the film was made. The whole world was impressed by the film interpretation of Norbert Jacques' famous novel, "Dr. MABUSE". This scenario was also the achievement by the pen of Thea von Harbou. Then came "THE STRIKEINGS" (Siegfried and Kramm's Revenge). First she brought out the old saga in the form of a novel which suited the modern American reader better than the old style of the original. This was a very worthy effort, the consequence of which was the creation of the two well known films. Then came the idea to create something gigantic and overwhelming in its possibilities, something that would give a glimpse at the mysterious future and which would at the same time appeal to all nations. The outcome of this idea was "METROPOLIS". First the novel, then the scenario and now the film—which will amaze the whole world with its revelations of manifold wonders.

Thea von Harbou is an unbaised authority in the realm of pictures. Her ideas and words are the most precious foundations of each film and they take unto themselves visible shapes through the genius of her husband, Fritz Lang, acknowledged by the world to be the master-mind of cinema technique.

CONTRASTS.



ETERNAL SUNSHINE—in the Garden of the Sons of the Rich



ETERNAL DARKNESS—in the Subterranean Machine-Town of the Laborers.

# Death to the Machines!

These Pages Show How Thea von Harbou Constructed the Scenario of "METROPOLIS" from the Lines of her Novel.

## THE NOVEL

Metropolis had a heart

Metropolis had a heart

The heart of the million city of Metropolis beat in a place enclosed by brick. The heart of the million city of Metropolis was guarded by one single man.

The man's name was Grot, and he lived his machine.

The machine was a universe in itself. Above the deep green roofs of its gleaming rooms like the sun, like the halo of a divine being, stood the silver spinning wheel, the system of which appeared in the wheel of evolution in a single glowing day. That day killed out the last will of the building with its every breadth and height.

Nowhere in all Metropolis which did not move its pulse less than itself.

One single heart controlled the heart of itself. All the energies of the world hinged up before him, would not for that have overruled him for a moment.

When, at the grey hour of dawn, Grot heard the song of the great Metropolis, trying to guess at the clock on the face of the tall white wall the hour and minute, "That is again all wrong and regular."

When, at the red hour of sunrise, Grot saw the song of the million city, then, further still, day led by a pale stream, in the rhythm of the setting, as it beat at the heart of the universe, "Again, it will please the door of the building, and away!"

The machine throbbed, and he slept.

"Oh—look now, " thought Grot. " How does one stand a good hit."

He looked at the machine. The machine was a million heart. The beautiful song of the new day was about to be born. The machine had to let himself go.

"This will not trouble us long, thought he. " He would have a word from the New Town of Freed. For a word from John Frederic. The word did not come.

"He knows," thought Grot. "He is only an old."

The door quaked like a giant when Grot, buried still in a fine, bottomless dream,

"There are neither a lot of them, or many to him," thought Grot. "He buried in himself, it remained but a hold. And it looked as though it would still hold for a long time."

## THE SCENARIO

### Scene 262.—The "Heart-Machine."

Long Shot—Nearly the whole picture is filled by the gigantic metal structure of the heart-machine—a mass of switchboards, lenses and safety valves. The machine works with a regular movement in all its parts. The wheel is like the sun of the sun behind it. Grot, the engineer, calm, silent and calm is carefully watching his machine and chewing tobacco.

#### Detailed Shot:

Grot, lying on the machine, looks up thoughtfully. Close up. Signal box on the wall covered with glass, on the pane of glass is continually repeated the word "DANGER".

#### Selection:

Grot jumps energetically to the big lever and pulls it over with all his strength.

### Scene 263/1

Close up of the machine—the red machine in the background, two sliding doors, the machine, and the engine which turns all in the middle of the machine, the wheel, the arms.

#### Detail:

Grot turns to a kind of telephone and speaks into the mouthpiece.

### Scene 264—John Frederic's Room.

The room is simple. On the table, covered light regards the ceiling. On a strip invisible, corresponding to that of Grot, the ribbon is rapidly moving.

### Scene 265—Heart-Machine.

Detail—Hand on the telephone is 263/1. He speaks in short, feeble yells into the apparatus. No answer.

# SOME FACTS ABOUT "METROPOLIS."

---

The idea of describing a city of about one hundred years hence, with all its modern advancements, was of course a very tempting and interesting one, for everyone likes to have a glimpse into the future, and nearly everybody has some idea of the technical developments of some kind, according to his imagination. Therefore, the skilled scenario writer had to provide for two important things, as necessary for the film as for the novel—sensation and love.

In "METROPOLIS" the sensation that will grip everyone is the making of the artificial human being—the "robot"—which as the soulless creation of imperfect man, lacks the divine feeling of love, and is therefore, condemned to wrong. Opposed to this there is the most ideal creation—a young girl of the people, for whose sweet and tender love the son of the Master of "Metropolis" is ready and willing to give his all. The whole of "Metropolis" may be compared with a modern Tower of Babel, where the different elements are fighting under different conditions for their existence, or their indulgence in pleasure. So you find continuity of all kinds; running the gamut of all the emotions and pleasures, until at last you get a splendid solution in the problem of this modern, strenuous, wealth seeking time—"THE MEDIATOR BETWEEN BRAIN AND MUSCLE MUST BE THE HEART." Much has been written in a fantastic way by prominent writers the world over upon this same theme. Not all these writers have succeeded in dealing adequately with the eternal question of Love in the midst of the restive, restlessness of the ultra scientific and mechanized world of the future. In these works, it is not unusual for the elements of imagined fantasy to overshadow that of Love. The perfect blend of these two elements is rare, and in "Metropolis" we see that Love as it has been in the past, will in the world of the future, still be the simple power that it is to-day.

In "Metropolis" our sympathy is compelled alike towards the rich Eric and the poor and lonely Mary.

The word "Metropolis" is in itself symbolic of greatness, and it only remains to say that the production reaches such a dazzling standard that it will remain unsurpassed in the next few years. Therefore, we will not trouble our readers with the usual range of superlatives, but remain satisfied by asking them to go, see, and be convinced.

## The Novel—continued

Grot suddenly sat up in deep contemplation. He would have tried to light his pipe, (I only smoking him out here forbidden here), he took the pocket of the coat, and released upon himself across the swinging door such a flooding of warm dampness. He turned the door. It was his ally. He turned around and looked at his pocket. He nodded in a affirmatively. "We know," he said. "What do you give to that hairy lot of titillated, machine?"

The storm before the door seemed nothing but a telephone. It was the barking fury born of long resistance.

"Open the door! I knocked the door!" "Open the door, you damned scoundrel!"

"What's that you say you?" thought Grot. "How well the door was barking?" the gallant door!

What were those drunken eyes out there saying then?

"We've ginned sentences upon the machine!

We have condemned the machine to death!"

Ho ho ho—! He could sing too—could Grot! He could sing drunken songs, you fool! He tucked with both hands against the pocket of the pocket, upon which he was leaning. He pushed the black and shiny door in his hands. With his right hand resting upon his knapsack opening wide his mouth, he sang with his whole throat, while his little wild eyes were fixed on the door:

"Come on you barge lot, if you dare!  
Come if you want a good fight; you have  
a good fight."

Your masters forced.

To pull your pants right.

Where you were like, you understand?

You're not even fit for your world!

You left from the outside part.

When is rock the big nerve?

And now you stand before the door

Before my guitar, door, and heart!

Open the door! Open the door!

Let the devil sing it for you!"

The pocket of the machine burred under the drumming rhythm of his baw-haw!

But suddenly they both stopped drumming and singing. All inexplicably passed exceedingly white light flared up there twice, under the glass of the building. A second signal, as gentle and as propulsive as the ring-bell of a temple bell, became audible, reverberating every sound.

"Yes?" said Grot the guard of the Heart-machine.

He sprang to the left. He raised his hand first which shone with the redness of cheeks. "Yes, here I am!"

## The Scenario—continued

At last, panting frantically, furious and roaring like a bull, he throws down the telephone, runs his fingers through his hair and shakes his head.

### Scene 264—No. 1—Machine Room:

To the machine—*to the machine*. The "robot" Maria and a horde of men and women rush into the machine room yelling—

#### Title:

"Away from the machines! Let them run themselves to death!" The mechanics are dragged away from the machine and down into the crowd, still yelling—

#### Title:

"To the heart machine! To the heart machine!"

The crowd exits like a whirlpool. The machine left alone still working.

### Scene 265—John Frederic's Room Long Shot:

John Frederic enters and looks round. The tape machine with a heap of tape—John Frederic takes the center of the picture, picks up the tape and reads it, then goes to the telephone and takes up the receiver.

### Scene 266—Heart Machine: Shot of Telephone:

Grot looks up. A characteristic sign is repeated on the apparatus. Grot roaring into the telephone, takes up the receiver and listens.

## The Novel—continued

A voice said, slowly and clearly—

"Open the door, and give up the machine!"  
Great shout resounded. From the darkness  
brought down from the rooms. He gripped the  
key and nothing.

"Repeat instructions" said the quiet voice.

The guard of the heart-machine snarled his  
last victory like this way and that, like a  
wolverine bawl.

"I—, I didn't understand," he said,  
giggling.

The quiet voice spoke in a more forceful  
tone:

"Open the door and give up the machine!"

The man still said nothing, quaking stupidly  
upward.

"Repeat instructions" said the quiet voice.

The guard of the heart-machine snarled in a  
great dinch of set.

"Who is speaking there?" he asked. "What  
language? Who is speaking there?"

"Open the door, Gost."

"The devil I will!"

... and give up the machine?"

"The machine—?" said Gost, "the—my  
machine?"

"Yes" said the quiet voice.

The guard of the heart-machine began to  
shout. He was a squat, low-liver in which  
the eyes were like white balls. The mouth  
which was drawn up itself was half past  
the closing door, rolled back with yellow

"The machine must be taken! Kill with them  
Devils! Death! Death to the machine!"

"Who is speaking there?" asked the man,  
so loudly that his words were a grumble

"John Frederic is speaking."

"I want the pass-word!"

"The pass-word is now damaged and there  
The machine is ruined on half power. You  
have not the lever in "Safety."

The guard of the heart-machine snarled like  
a dog. When she has passed itself, slowly  
upward, responded to the door, and open it  
this high.

The man heard it. It rolled through. The  
door flew open. The mouth went after the man  
who was standing in the threshold. The only  
hand went toward the machine. The mouth  
snarled at her hands upon the machine. A  
shouting girl was taking the web on

"Look—" she shouted. "Look—! The  
running boys of Metropolis! Who shall be  
done to the heart of Metropolis—?"

"What passed—what upon the machine?  
We have—undermined the machine—crazily!  
They are about us—do—speak with them!"

But the mouth did not catch up the soft  
tongue. The mouth snarled over at the speaker—  
at the barking heart of the great machine city

## The Scenario—continued

**Scene 268—John Frederic's Room:**  
Detail—John Frederic on the telephone,  
given an order emphatically,  
with a strong fatal expression.

**Title:**  
"Open the door!"

## Scene 270—Heart Machine:

**Detail—**Gost, on the telephone,  
thinks he cannot have heard the  
order correctly. Shouts something  
into the transmitter and points  
with his thumb over his shoulder to  
the door.

## Different Camera Angles:

"Close-up" of the door  
In front of them thunders and  
shouts the crowd.

## Scene 271—John Frederic's Room:

John Frederic on the telephone.  
He gives with more emphasis the  
unutterable order: "Open the  
door!"

## Scene 272—Heart Machine:

"Close up." Gost on the telephone.  
It seems as if his eyes are going to  
drop out of his head, as with the  
greatest excitement he shouts into  
the telephone: "If the heart-machine  
is destroyed there will not be one  
man in the administration town left  
upon another!"

## Scene 273—John Frederic's Room:

John Frederic on the telephone; he  
stamps his foot: "Do what I say!"

## Scene 274—Heart Machine:

With a terrible cry, Gost throws  
down the telephone and pushes the  
door lever over with his foot.

## Different Camera Angles:

The man in front of the door, led  
by the "robot" Maria, suddenly  
printing: "Look! Look!"

**Detail:**  
The doors slowly open.

## Detail:

Gost, half mad, runs like a dog in  
its cage, shouting: "Dogs! Dogs!"

## Different Angles:

The doors already show a small

## The Novel—continued

which was called "Metropolis" and which they had left. They pressed up closely together, body before the machine, which almost stopped. In the face of the such dire danger as the men of the underground reported it was "Death" that for the last destination stood in the face of the men.

But before it could take impression from the crowd there burst before the machine there was an older man which he did not have to climb onto the face of the machine. The drivers of the crowd, who did not have strength, had time to apply to the machine. The men turned and gave space but the machine glided on like a ghost. The men then, in alarm, all there were pressing them on the machine to be crushed. It is then the man and the machine moved into one. The men and machine moved as one. They burst forward and crushed men and machines. They moved the men and against the machine. They moved the men. They crushed the machine. They do not turn back and neither had control of the doors. They began the machine to turn back of the machine—thinking that as moving the men away from the "Death-machine" they were saving the lives from the hands of the great machine only.

What should be done to the face of Metropolis?

It should be broken underfoot by the men. "Death" called the machine. "Death to it" answered "Death" to the machine.

## The Scenario—continued

Opening scene of the crowd are swinging themselves on the doors.

### Details:

Crowd turns round as of shot

## Scene 276

Taken from inside towards the doors. One of the doors disappears upwards and the other down-wards. Hands are clapping, faces appearing, were bodies are swinging onto the sinking door.

### Crowd turns to Death:

Great, helpless with rage, unable to control himself, takes up a crowbar, and stands roaring with his body bent forward, deadly dangerous.

### Crowd further back:

Crowd clanging over the doors, on the other side, shouting with anger.

### Details:

Great takes a few steps towards the machine. The crowd streams on, led by the "robot". Rush towards the heart machine, shouting "Death to the machine!"



And as the Machine Raged Themselves to Death

## "METROPOLIS."

## THE CAST

JOHN MASTERNAN	...	...	ALFRED ABEL
ERIC, his son	...	...	GUSTAV FROLICH
ROTWANG, an inventor	...	...	RUDOLF KLEIN-ROGGE
SLIM	...	...	FRITZ RASP
JOSEPH, Secretary to Masternan			THEODOR LOOS
GROT, Foreman of the Heart-Machine			HEINRICH GEORGE
MARY, a girl of the people	...	...	BRIGITTE HELM

Directed by FRITZ LANG

Scenario by THEA VON HARBOU

CUNENBERG, CARL, FREUND, GUNTHER RITTAU



# "METROPOLIS"

---

## THE STORY OF THE FILM

Adapted from the Novel by Thea von Harbou

"METROPOLIS," a great city of the future—a city of incredible contrasts, is the life-work and ambition of one man—John Masterman.

In the heart of this great city of Utopian wonders, stands the new Tower of Babel, from which John Masterman directs and controls all the powers by which the giant city is operated. The workpeople in this great "Metropolis" only interest the powerful magnate Masterman, so long as they are physically fit to operate his wonderful machines, and in order to save space and valuable land, he has built for them a subterranean city beneath the surface of "Metropolis." Here the workpeople live with their wives and children, hardly ever seeing the light of day, whilst on the surface, in palaces built for luxury and sport, the sons of the rich live a life of idleness and reckless pleasure.

Into this garden of happiness one day a strange girl of wonderful beauty appears leading a number of ragged and underfed children, and showing to them the care-free life of luxury led by the idle rich, exclaiming: "Behold, these are your brothers." Eric, the son of the powerful John Masterman, has seen the girl and realises the meaning behind her words. Fascinated by her great beauty and conscience stricken with the thought of these suffering poor children, Eric determines to see for himself under what conditions his father's workpeople exist, hoping to again meet the girl in the subterranean city. Here is revealed to him the hardships and great suffering his father's workpeople have to endure, and after witnessing an accident in one of the machine rooms, he hurries back to his father in the Tower of Babel, imploring him to great better living conditions to the slaves in the catacombs below. The father, master-minded of "Metropolis," a man of iron will and nerve, fails to understand his son's appeal.

Eric, disappointed in his father's refusal to accede to his request, returns disguised as a workman to the machine rooms, and attends a secret meeting of his father's slaves, who are beginning to revolt against the iron will of the columns of industry. At this meeting, Eric again sees the strange and beautiful girl—Mary by name—who persuades the turbulent sections of the people to refrain from violence, promising that some day there will be a mediator who will act on their behalf.

John Masterman, having been informed of these meetings, pays a visit to the catacombs in company with Rotwang, the great scientist and inventor, who has created the electric marvels of the city, and who is absorbed in the task of perfecting an *Automaton*.

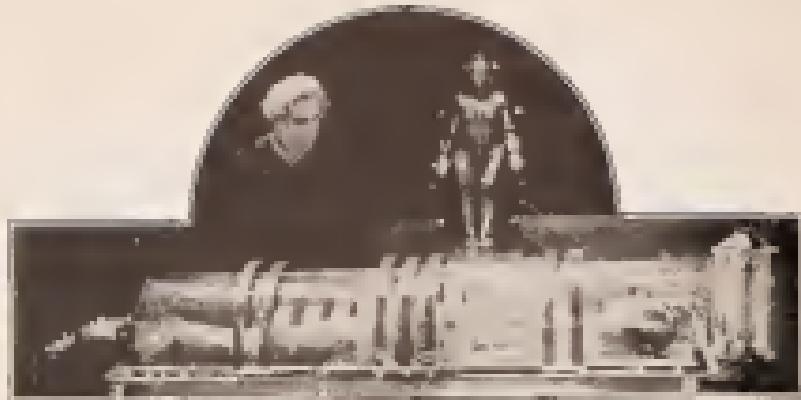
When Masterman sees Mary preaching to the workers, he persuades Rotwang to capture her and give his "robot" the face of this girl, so that the "robot" shall go among the workers and teach belligerence and subversion to their masters, to prove to them that to live they must work.

Rotwang carries out the plan. Mary is captured and taken to his laboratory, and there by the most wonderful powers of electrical transmission, her form and features are imparted to the "robot." This "robot" becomes animated. She is the exact duplicate of the real Mary, but being without a soul, is filled with all that is evil, and once among the workers, she is soon poisoning their minds against their employers and urging them to revolt.

The storm breaks loose, and the infuriated mob, led by the "Automaton Mary," destroy every machine that operates the great city, including the so-called "heat machine," on which the very life and death of the city of "Metropolis" depends. In the catastrophe that follows, young Masterman and Mary, who has escaped, united in a bond of love, save the children of the workers, who are almost drowned by the rush of water which destroys the subterranean city, as a consequence of the smashing of the machine.

In the rush and turmoil that follows, Eric and Mary are separated, and the infuriated mob, seizing the artificial "robot," attempt to burn her at the stake. Young Masterman, seeing that, and thinking it is the girl he loves, tries to save her at the risk of his own life. John Masterman is a broken man when he finds that not only is his life-work in ruins, but that he also lost his son, whom he loves more than anything on earth. When to his indescribable joy he learns that Eric and the real Mary are saved, he becomes a changed man, and thanks his Maker for the preservation of his son and Mary.

And so the prophecy of the girl came true—a mediator between brain and labour has at last been found, for young Masterman, whose heart had been so full of compassion and feeling for the hitherto suppressed and suffering poor, had by following the instincts of his own heart, brought about a peace and good-will to all men.



Retieng the scientist transmits the image of Mary to the "Robot" by means of Chemical and Electrical Apparatus.

## The Creation of the Artificial Human Being.

By RUDOLF KLEIN-RODGE

(Who Plays the part of the Investor, Retieng, in "Metropolis.")

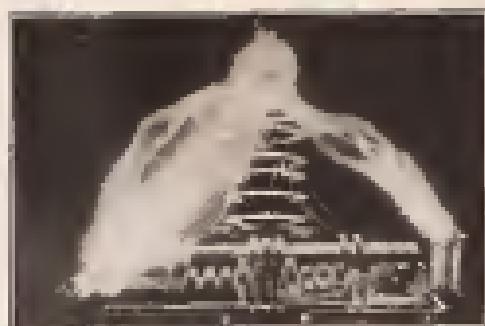
One day I found a part of the studio in "Metropolis" completely transformed in a most peculiar manner. It was strange to me, not being a technician and one who does not know even how to repair an electric bell. A huge, impressive and uncanny vision lay representing the laboratory of the shadowed investor Retieng full of snarled and pealing apparatus, machines, induction coils, regulators, switches, cables, fly wheels, transmission tables, types which were different from the heating thermometers in bowls, tables of glass intricate with corrections and a number of

most mysterious objects. I was overcome with a very strange feeling when I entered the room lighted with dangerous mercury lamps. Entombed in a pedestal post was the gracious and mystical "robot," covering the imprisoned girl, Mary, whose very heart-throbs are to be transferred to it. When completed, this "robot" will have the appearance of the innocent girl, but its actions would be evil according to the will of its creator. Already the "robot" moves, but like an "automaton." The weak, incomprehensible, feeble, the then irresemblable movements, the harsh, harsh motion of



Mary in Retieng's Experimental Table with her Face being Represented on that of the "Robot."

of the head, the burning lowliness of the "automaton," born in the mind of the seen man and directed and fashoned by the property man, holds on all spell bound! The stage workers, the electri-cians, otherwise never afraid, ready for a joke never surprised with anything, seemed to feel some qualms. It would be foolish to say that the wonderful laboratory, with its countless known and unknown mechanisms, built up on the past histories of man and the old techniques, is Utopian and impossible, but I say yes to it, a little though it is strange to all these things and not knowing why I had to switch this on or turn that wheel, had to appear quite accustomed to it, and do every-



THREE INCIDENTS IN THE KITCHEN  
Top—Electrical Current Transmitting the form of Mary to the "Robot"  
Middle—Rings of Electrical Fluid and Plasma  
Bottom—The "Robot" starts to look, showing  
Jesus taking

thing with comic ton. We all knew that the metal "automaton" excised the tender body of a beautiful girl, Brigitte Helm, and that she had to suffer severely under the strain, nevertheless, at the crucial moment, the mysterious "automaton" turns the head quickly on, and we feel that the great ideal has been accomplished, but somebody must be

surprised and the somebody, apparently with his mind far away, is watching with intense concentration, the slightest movement and every detail. He is Fritz Lang, the director, who not only believes in his work, which is a matter of course, but he believes in the power of the unreal, in the power of that which has never happened anywhere before, so that he must be convinced of the power of his trust. Much knowledge, many experiments, had to be made by the cameras men Meister, Trenz and Rauhe, much care was taken also by the architect, Knaus, and the bakers and painters, and Fritz Lang's imagination was brought into reality and was ready to be captured by the cameras. The recent much patient waiting, and the conser-

OF THE ARTIFICIAL HUMAN BEING  
Top—Mary to the "Robot"  
Middle—the Mysterious Figure  
Bottom—the Human and Man Automat and the Real Human Form



The Producer, Fritz Lang, Represents the  
Creator of the Artificial Human Being

invade the metal robot, very lightly clad, and unable to walk, suffocate, pass and eliminate it. It was given the task to put come into the opening of that metal "convention" where there were very closely gathered by the great Helen, who fully appreciated this joke, and brought herself close later with the music, taken from her need collecting her. I much was not then pleased with me an undesirable and was then metal friend. It was a kind of iron gauntlet, and the grip of upon my hand was rather painful and soon, as my friend could tell a few painful stories about it. All these incidents remembered after several months at work and of course, many, are almost forgotten especially as I have long seen the finished film "METROPOLIS" for the first time and everything appeared to me as strange. I had not the feeling that I was not at those who had placed a part in it. Its suggestive griped not so strongly, as it will the many thousands who see it on the screen for the first time.

in mind of the strangers is bound to keep up our spirits. For a long time it is the great trial of endurance. But when the lamps were finally switched on, and the cameras locked, then came our reward. Of course, there were many longer intervals specially for one accustomed to abso-  
lutely helplessness as I  
was. Helen was. For days and days she was confined



Circle—The First Stage of the "Rabauk"  
Bottom—The "Rabauk" and its  
Inventor, Lang



Stamp Five "Silesia"  
taken during the production  
of "Metropolis"  
Centre: Fritz Lang